Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what soere they be.
Bassia. Who haue we heere? Romes royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?
Tamora. Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps,
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Actæons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.
Lauinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue shield your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pitty they should take him for a Stag.
Bassian. Beleeue me Queene your swarty Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?
Lauinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For sausines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bassia. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lauinia.

Lauinia. I, for these slips haue
Good King to be so mightily ab
Queene. Why I haue patienc
Enter Chiron and D
Dem. How now deere souerai
Why doth your Highnes looke
Queene. Haue I not reason th
These two haue tyced me hither
A barren, detested vale you see
The trees though Sommer, yet
Orecome with mosse and baleful
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, h
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fat
And when they showd me this
They told me heere at dead tim
A thousand feinds, a thousand h
Ten thousand swelling toades, as
Would make such fearefull and c
As any mortall body hearing it
Should straite fall mad, or else di
No sooner had they told this hel
But strait they told me they wou
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewe
And leaue me to this miserable c
And then they calld me foule a
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bit
That euer eare did heare to such
And had you not by wondrous
This vengeance on me had they
Reuenge it as you loue your mo
Or be ye not henceforth cald m
Demet. This is a witnes that
Chiron. And this for me strool
Lauinia. I come Semeramis, n

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